Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardy ſluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe, and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lord:
Me thought their ſoules whoſe body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my Tent and cried on victory;
I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame,
How farre into the mourning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, (*his Souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulworkes ſtand before our faces,
Richard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide,
On raiſed in bloud, and on in bloud eſtabliſhed;
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him;
A bace foule ſtone, made precious by the ſoyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falſly ſet,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemy,
God will in iuſtice reward you as his Souldiers
If you ſweare to put a tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you doe fight againſt your countryes foes,
Your countries fat ſhall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the Sword.
Your childrens children quits it in your age;
Then

Then in the name of God and
Aduance your ſtandards, draw y
For me, the ranſome of my bo
Shall be this cold corps on the
But if I thriue, the gaine of my
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his p
Sound drumes and trumpets bo
God, and Saint *George*, *Rich*
Enter King Richa
King. What ſayd *Northumberl*
Rat. That he was neuer trai
King. He ſayd the truth, and w
Rat. He ſmiled and ſayd, the
King He was in the right, and
Tell the Clocke there.
Giue me a Kalender, who ſaw
Rat. Not I my Lord:
King. Then he diſdaines to ſ
He ſhould haue brau'd the Eaſt
A blacke day will it be to ſom
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be
The skie doth frowne and lower
I would theſe dewy teares were
Not ſhine to day; why, what
More then to *Richmond*? for the
That frownes on me lookes ſa
Enter Nor
Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord,
King. Come buſtle, buſtle, cap
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him
I will lead forth my Souldiers
And thus my battell ſhall be
My fore-ward ſhall be drawne
Conſiſting equally of Horſe an
Our Archers ſhall be placed in t
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thoma*
Shall haue the leading of the Fo
They thus directed, we will
M

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37